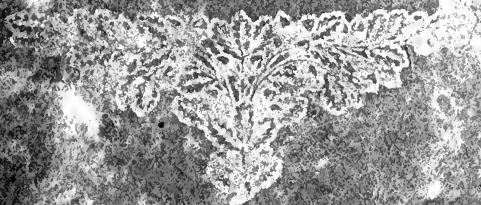


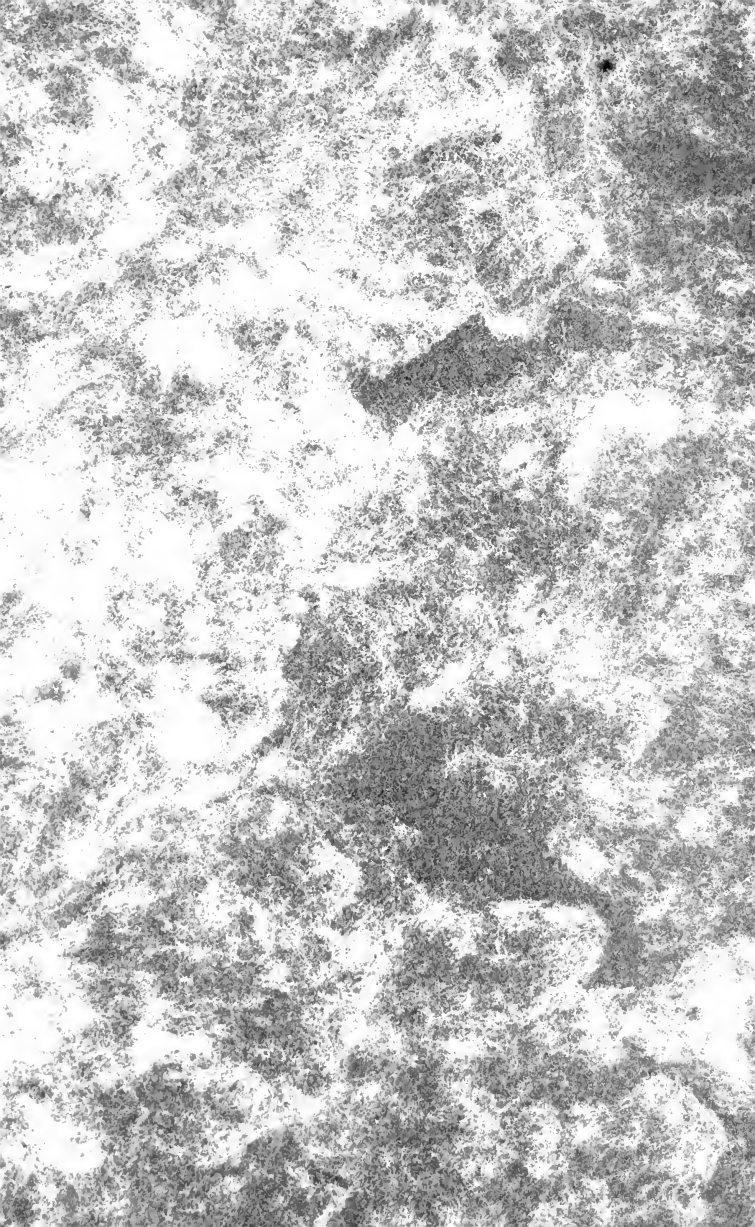
Chat Something



ADVANCE



EDITION







THAT SOMETHING

W. W. Woodbridge
BY
W. W. Woodbridge
W. W. WOODBRIDGE



THE SMITH-DIGBY COMPANY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON
1914

73302
DIST
1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914

By SMITH-KINNEY Co.

\$1.00

DEC 22 1914

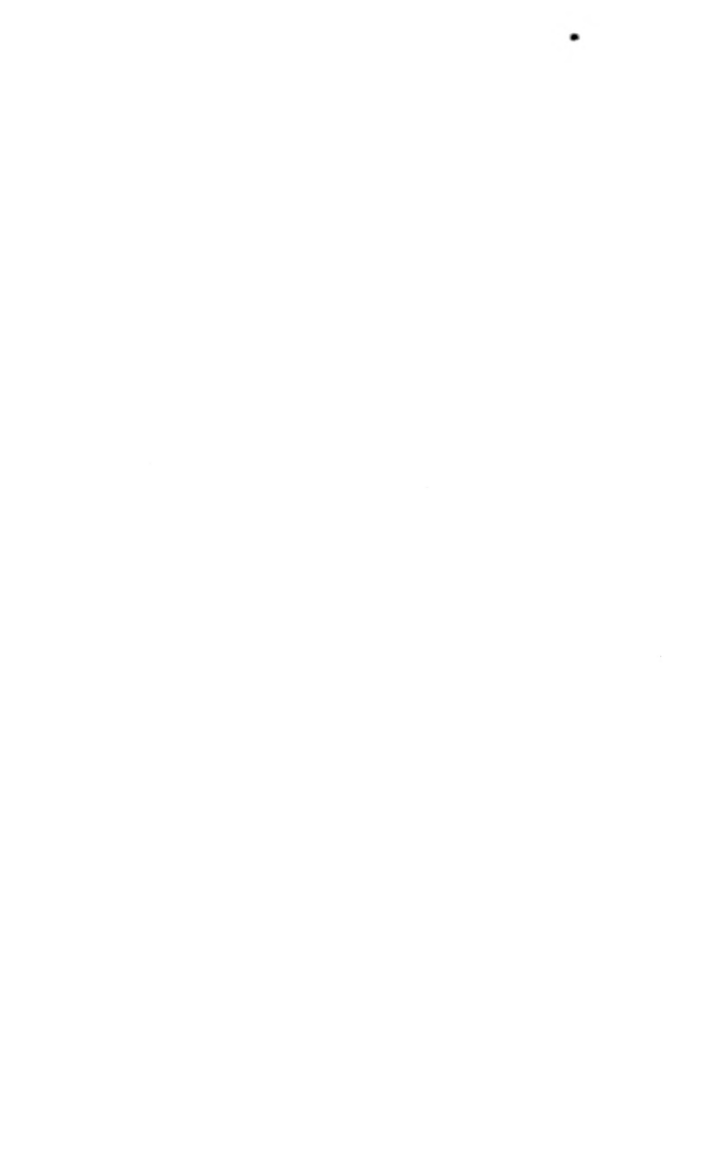
©CL.A390733

201

PRINTED BY



TACOMA, WASH.





DEDICATED
TO THE ROTARY CLUBS
OF THE WORLD
BY THE
TACOMA ROTARY CLUB
NUMBER EIGHT
TACOMA, WASH.



Then Randolph turned to me.

“Man, write that story you’ve told us. Write it so that every man may read. Send that message out into the world. If men will read that story, read and reread, until it is written on their memories, if men will believe the message you bring, and then if they will but awake that something within their souls that now lies asleep—I say if you can make men do this, you will have done more for mankind than any man or any thousand men have done in many, many years. Write it, man, write it word for word as you have told it here, so every man may read. Write it, man, write it!”

And so it has been written.



“THAT SOMETHING”

This happened a long, long time ago.

I never see a man limp without thinking of that day.

The sky wept.

No rift of brighter color broke the drabness of it.

I thought the universe wept.

That was my outlook.

The very times were in misery.

Men were out of work.

I was one of them.

I had slept the night before on the cold, cement floor of the city's jail. I slept as a tired dog sleeps, a dog worn out with a fruitless chase. All of the night before, I had walked, walked, walked,—my pride keeping me from this place. And so the day had found

me walking, aimlessly, looking only for food, shelter and work. This could not last forever, so that night I had stumbled down the low, narrow hallway of the jail, and been let into a barred cell with a hundred others. And there I had lain as one dead, on the cold, hard floor.

But it is of the day that followed that night in jail that you shall hear.

For that was the day of my life.

It was then that I found "THAT SOMETHING."

* * * * *

My feet were very tired.

My soul wept with the sky.

I stood, as in a wilderness alone, on the corner of a great thoroughfare in a great city.

And then a man stopped by my side.
He was of my height and build.

I caught a glimpse of his face.

I thought that this man might have been myself, if——

But my present need drove out reflections.

And so I laid my hand on his arm.

“I am hungry,” I said simply.

He turned slowly and looked at me. First his gaze took in every detail of the outer man, from my water soaked cap to my poor, cracked shoes. And then, through my eyes, he seemed to search my soul.

I stood there abashed.

I laugh when I think of that now.

But then—it was different.

“Well,” he said presently, “suppose you were fed. What then?”

I shifted my weight from one tired foot to the other.

“I’d try to get a job somewhere,” I muttered after a moment.

“You’d try?” he asked.

"Yes, try," I answered, "although there is little chance. Nobody wants men now. I'll try, sir. But I don't care for that now. It's food I want. I'm hungry. Can you help me?"

"No," he answered, a note of pity in his voice. "I cannot help you. No man can."

"But you could feed me," I said, with some petulance in my voice.

"It is not food you need!"

"What then?" I asked.

"THAT SOMETHING," was his reply.

A man joined him. They began talking of matters of mutual interest. I was shuffling away through the drizzling, miserable rain, when he called me back, and handed me his card.

"Man, go find 'THAT SOMETHING,'" he said, *"and when you've found it, come to me."*

"Come to you for what?" I asked.

“To thank me,” was his answer, and he and his friend passed on.

* * * * *

I believe in miracles.

There used to be such things.

Man has been taught to work the miracles of today.

He gives them another name.

But they are miracles, just the same.

There were two words that stuck in my memory.

“THAT SOMETHING!”

I fell to wondering.

I turned into a pool room, and found a seat.

I sat there thinking.

The balls on the tables before me clicked nickles away from men who could ill afford the pleasures of the place.

I sat there a long, long time.

There was nowhere else to go.

Ahead of me I saw another night in jail.

Yet the day seemed longer than the night.

It was warm in there. The hum of voices, the regular click, click, click of ivory, the occasional thumping of cue on marble floor—all this in time developed into a dull chorus of monotony.

And then I fell asleep.

I believe in miracles.

I believe in visions as well.

But it is only natural that I should have dreamed of "THAT SOMETHING"—so perhaps it was neither the one nor the other.

You will think it a foolish dream.

Yet it changed my life.

That's reason enough for the telling.

You may laugh at it scornfully.

Then my dream will do you no good.

You may see in it what I saw.

Then you will take your place with the masters of men.

There were once two men who went out to find gold.

Each found what he sought.

The one threw what he found back into the muddy stream.

The other recognized the gold for what it was.

The one was a failure.

The other a success.

It is so in life.

* * * * *

And this was my dream:

I dreamed that I awoke!

That is the most wonderful part of the dream.

For in my dream, I realized that I had been asleep.

A long, long sleep, from the very beginning of things.

And I saw myself, there in the pool room, asleep.

Then I saw myself start, my eyes opened and I dreamed that I *saw*.

"What waked me?" I asked in my dream.

"You waked yourself," answered a voice nearby.

I turned about, but no one was near.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am 'THAT SOMETHING,' " came the reply.

"But where are you?"

"I am hidden in your soul."

* * * * *

For some moments I thought over what was said.

"How," I stammered then, "how did you get there?"

"I was born there."

“Why have I not known you were there before?”

“No man knows it,” answered the voice, “until he awakes.”

“No man?” I asked. “Are you in other men’s souls as well?”

“*There is ‘THAT SOMETHING’ in everyman’s soul, which can move the mountains or dry the seas.*”

“Then,” said I, “you must be Faith!”

“Yes,” came the answer, “I am Faith, but I am more than Faith. *I am that which makes men face the fires of Hell, and win.*”

“Then,” said I, “you must be Confidence as well.”

“I am more than Confidence. *I am that which makes the babbling brooks lift worlds upon their wavelets.*”

“You are Power,” I cried.

“I am more than Power,” answered the voice. “*I am that which makes the*

wretched failure lift up himself and rule the world."

"You are Ambition, I know you now," I cried.

"Yes," answered the voice, "*I am all you say, Faith, Confidence, Power, Ambition and more. For greater than all, is 'THAT SOMETHING.' I am that which every man must find in his soul, or else he will be but a clutterer of the earth on which he lives.*"

"But how can man find you?"

"Even as you are finding me now," came the answer. "First you must awake, then seek, and when you have found, you must learn to control——"

"Control what?" I asked confused.

"THAT SOMETHING," came the reply. "Borrow it from your soul and baptise your life with it. *Anoint your eyes, that you may see; anoint your ears, that you may hear; anoint your heart, that you may BE!*"

“But tell me,” I cried, frantically, for the voice was trailing off to almost nothing, “how can I do this? How? How?”

“This is the secret,” came the voice to me as the whisper of a gentle breeze of springtime, “the talisman of success, which write upon your memory in letters of fire.”

“Yes! Yes! What is this talisman?”

“These words, “I WILL!” ”

* * * * *

And then I awoke with a start.

A man was shaking me roughly.

“Clean out of here,” he was saying.

“We aint running no free rooming house for bums. If you want to sleep, take a sleeper, but get out of here.”

“I will,” I answered unthinkingly, as I turned towards the door of the place.

“I WILL.”

My words brought the dream back to me vividly.

I stood in the doorway, peering out into the rain.

A boy with a dozen bundles stopped near me to shift his load.

"I'll help you, son," I said, and I laughed gladly as I took half his load and started with him down the street.

"Gee, mister," he said, "dat's pretty square of you, all right. How far you going, this way?"

"Where are you taking these things?" I asked.

He told me.

"Why, that's right where I'm going," I answered, in mock surprise.

And so we hurried on our way.

It was then the clouds overhead began to break.

Before we had gone half way, the sun peeped out, and the boy by my side laughed with the pure delight of it.

“By Golly, mister, she’s going to be some handsome day tomorrow, aint it?”

“I WILL,” I answered absently.

He looked up at me, startled at my answer, started to ask a question, thought better of it, and giving me another queer look, trudged on in silence.

When he had delivered his packages, he turned back towards the thoroughfare; and, as I followed, he asked me, with the innocent impertinence of boyhood:

“Say, mister, where do you work?”

“Why, I’m working for you, right now. It’s good to work, don’t you think?”

“But aint you got no steady job?”

“Yes,” I answered firmly, “I WILL.”

Again he cast at me his queer look, and quickened his pace.

We went together to the store at which he worked. It was the largest

in the city. He hurried through a doorway at the rear, and I found myself in a large room.

A man stepped up to me and asked what I wanted.

"I have come here to work."

"What department?" he asked. "Who sent you?"

There were many men in there, packing boxes.

Before I could answer his question, some one called him, and he hurried away.

I took off my coat, and hung it on a nail near where the other men had hung theirs.

I started to work, following the example of those near me.

A half hour later, the man who first accosted me, passed.

"Oh," he said, as he paused behind me, "so they put you at it while I was gone, did they?"

“I’m doing my best, sir,” I answered, as I drove a nail home with a bang.

And so I worked until six o’clock.

And the sun was very bright outside.

When the six o’clock bell rang, the men began filing by the clock.

“What about the clock?” I asked the man in charge.

“Didn’t they give you a number?”

“No.”

Then I told him my name, he gave me a number and I punched out.

The boy was waiting for me at the door.

“How’d you get the job?” he asked curiously.

“Why, that was gotten for me before I showed up there,” I answered.

“Who got it for you?” he asked.

“THAT SOMETHING,” was my answer.

“Aw,” he answered, “quit your stringing me. How’d you get on. I seen a dozen men try to get in on that

work this morning, and they was all turned down."

"But," I explained with a smile, "they had never found 'THAT SOMETHING.'"

He again favored me with the queer look.

"Say, where do you live?" he asked finally.

"I am going to find a place now," I answered.

"Well, say," he cried, "my maw keeps a boarding house, and it's all right, too. Why don't you come up to my place?"

* * * * *

There was but one other boarder.

He was a professor of a number of ology branches at a nearby denominational college.

He was a little man, with unreasonable hair on his face, and very little on his head.

He wore thick glasses perched on a beaked nose.

His eyes were small and black like shoe buttons.

He watched me covertly as I ate.

When the meal was finished, he invited me to sit with him in his room.

"I hope you don't think me prying," said he, when we were seated, "but I have been trying to figure you out."

"Yes?"

"Yes," he reiterated, "and I have come to the conclusion that you are a student of sociology."

I laughed.

"Bobby tells us you are packing boxes down at his store."

I nodded assent.

"Then," he said triumphantly, "of course, it is for the study of the con-

ditions of the working masses that you are down there."

"Yes," I admitted, "I am very much interested in conditions of the masses right now."

"Then you can help me," he cried. "I am writing a series of papers on that very subject. Will you answer me this, please. *What is it that keeps the under dog down. What is it that the upper ten possesses that the under ten thousand does not have?*"

"Why, it's 'THAT SOMETHING,'" I answered.

"What do you mean? Education? Environment?"

Before my mind was flashed the picture of my boyhood. I saw my home, I remembered the tender care of my parents, the love of a mother, the guiding hand of a father. I saw myself in college, at the head of my class. I remembered that day when I was given

a sheet of parchment, and was told that I was a Master of Arts. And then, in the twinkling of an eye, the scene changed, and I saw that awful room, with a hundred men lying around me on the cold, hard floor.

“No,” I answered, “neither of those things really count. ‘THAT SOMETHING’ is different entirely. I don’t just know what it is myself now, but I am going to find it, pin it down and then I will tell you more of it.”

And as I looked into his face, I noticed the same puzzled expression as the boy had worn. And so, by mutual consent, the subject was changed, and we talked of trivial things.

* * * * *

And for a week or more I packed boxes and drove nails.

I was a good packer.

I made "THAT SOMETHING" work with me all the time.

One day, I noticed the shipping clerk had ahead of him more than he could handle.

There were men in the department idle.

They could do nothing until he checked up to them.

I laid down my hammer and walked over to where he stood.

"I am to help you this afternoon," I said simply.

He looked up with a start.

"Oh," he exclaimed. Then: "Well, that's good. I'm glad they have sense enough to give me somebody to help out at last."

He handed me a bunch of papers, and made room for me at the desk.

The superintendent of the department was out of the room at the time.

Presently he returned and glanced at me curiously.

“So they’ve got you helping out Dickey?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders without looking up, and continued figuring.

When I left the room, that night, the superintendent of the department joined me.

“Say,” he said, as we turned up the street, “I never did just get onto how you were put in there. What’s the idea? Working through to learn the business?”

“Yes,” I answered with confidence, “just that. I am to learn every detail of it.”

“Well, I thought something of the kind. Which one of ’em are you kin to?”

“I do not think it wise to discuss that at this time,” was my answer.

"Oh, sure," he hastened to say. "I don't mean to be inquisitive. Anything I can do to help you, let me know."

And then he left me.

* * * * *

The shipping clerk was a bright, young fellow.

I liked him, and he liked me.

One day, shortly after I had received my first raise in wages, he came to me with a problem.

That night I stayed down with him and we worked it out together.

We soon got in the habit of staying down one night of every week, and working over his systems.

He lacked originality.

I helped him.

He had been doing things just like the fellow before him had done them.

The business had been growing rapidly—practically doubled.

We worked out an improved system.

We drew up forms.

We planned it out in every detail.

One day, he carried our plans to the Man in Authority.

There came up a question that the shipping clerk did not quite understand.

And so they sent for me.

I was a well dressed man at this time.

Nothing flashy, nothing loud, but well clothed.

That had been my first investment.

My approach was far different from that of the sniveling beggar, who had asked the man on the street corner for food.

The Man in Authority looked at me in surprise.

"Who are you?"

I handed him my card.

These cards were my second investment.

He thumbed it a moment in silence.

"You are packing boxes?" he asked in surprise.

"I am in the packing room—temporarily."

And then he went over the shipping clerk's plans in detail.

"I think they're all right," said the Man in Authority finally. "I'll have these forms sent to the printer in the morning."

As we turned to leave the office, he called me back.

"How long have you been in the packing rooms?"

"Sixty-three days," I answered.

"You've been there long enough. There is nothing more for you to learn there, is there?"

“No.”

He studied me for a while in silence.

“Funny neither of ’em has ever said anything about you to me,” he said at length, speaking half to himself. “I suppose the Old Man’s idea was for you to work out your own salvation. Is that it?”

“In a way,” I replied. *“What any man accomplishes must eventually come from ‘THAT SOMETHING’ within him.”*

He pondered this for a moment.

Then he scrawled a few words on a piece of paper.

“Hand that to Perkins in the Auditing Department tomorrow morning, and we’ll see how you show up there.”

I thanked him, and turned to leave the room.

“And say,” calling me back the second time, “better forget about my having said anything about your relations

with the Old Man. After all, you see, it's none of my business."

"Certainly," I answered, and left the room.

* * * * *

Three months later, I left Bob's mother's boarding house.

It hurt me to do this.

She had been almost a mother to me.

There was a home life about the place that I had learned to love.

Even the little, hairy Ology Professor and his fanciful theories had become dear to me.

But "THAT SOMETHING" demanded that I move on.

And so I moved on up the hill.

I arranged for a small suite of rooms at a quiet family hotel.

It was at the suggestion of the Man in Authority that I chose this hotel.

It was where he lived.

And so we became at first acquaintances.

Then friends.

He urged that I join his club.

I made friends of the right sort there.

All of these things were investments.

And never once did the Man in Authority mention the fact that I was “learning the business.”

And so a year rolled 'round.

It was the time that Perkins took his vacation.

I was given the place until he returned.

One day the Old Man came into the office.

He looked at me keenly.

Directly the Man in Authority also came in.

The Old Man called him aside.

I overheard a portion of their conversation.

"Who's the man at Perkins' desk?" the Old Man asked.

The Man in Authority mentioned my name.

"Funny I never heard of him before," said the Old Man.

The Man in Authority gasped.

And the rest was spoken in guarded tones, and I heard no word further.

* * * * *

That night, the Man in Authority came into my sitting room.

"Say," he began, "you've certainly got me locoed or something of the sort. I have been figuring you out all along as a ward or a long lost cousin of the Old Man's. Now, today he comes in and jumps on me about putting you in this place of responsibility without first knowing all about you. Of course, I know you're all right," he added kindly, "but, by Jupiter, I'm placed in a deucedly unholy kind of a light, anyway."

“What’s all the trouble?” I asked. “My work going wrong?”

“I should say not,” he exclaimed with enthusiasm, “but that’s aside from the question. What’s got me going is how the devil you did it. How you got to hold down the most responsible job on the works without anybody knowing just what you really are. Tell me about yourself, will you?”

“Well,” I began in a sing-song voice, “I was born of poor but honest parents, in a quaint little hamlet of Virginia, where the rising sun——”

“Oh, drat the history and the rising sun. Tell me who you are kin to, or who is backing you up. It’s pull that counts, these days. Who gave you your start with the company?”

I leaned back in my leather Morris chair. Memory brought back the picture of that drab day, of just a year before.

And that brought to my mind the card that had been given me.

I had not thought of it before until that minute.

I arose, and went to a closet, where hung the very suit I had worn on that eventful day. I had kept it as a souvenir of my awakening.

And, as I had hoped, the card was in a pocket of the shabby vest.

For the first time, I read the name engraved thereon.

MATTHEW MORRISON RANDOLPH

BONDS

I handed it to the Man in Authority.
He read it with wondering eyes.

Now, Randolph was the silent partner of the business.

Impossible coincidence?

You may think so.

I know men who believe success is impossible.

And to *them*, success IS impossible.

And so, perhaps, you believe this impossible.

But I tell you it as it happened.

“Funny Randolph never mentioned your name to the Old Man,” the Man in Authority was saying. “Anyway, I wish I’d known this when he was talking about you, today.’

“I’m glad you didn’t,” I answered with a short laugh.

“Why?” he asked puzzled.

“Go there to the phone and call up Randolph. I think he’ll tell you why.”

“But——” he began.

“Go on and call him up. I want you to,” I insisted.

In a moment, Randolph was on the line.

"Ask him," I insisted.

The Man in Authority did so. I watched the changing expressions on his face.

"You - say - you - never -heard-of-the-man!" gasped the Man in Authority. "Why, he's holding down the most responsible job on the place."

"Better let me talk to Mr. Randolph," I interrupted.

His hand was trembling as he surrendered the phone.

"Mr. Randolph," I said, "I know you do not remember my name, for I am quite sure you have never heard it. You may, however, remember one miserable day, a year ago, when a beggar asked you for food."

"Well, go on," came a crisp voice over the phone.

“You may also remember telling that beggar that it was not food he needed. You told that man that it was ‘THAT SOMETHING’ he needed, and that alone. Well, Mr. Randolph, I am the beggar to whom you spoke, and I have found ‘THAT SOMETHING.’ *I have learned to use it,* and I want to thank you for having shown me the way. When may I have the opportunity of telling you about it?”

* * * * *

An hour later, the story you have just heard was told to a strange trio: the Man in Authority, the Professor of Ologies and Matthew Morrison Randolph. From time to time, as I told the tale, Randolph nodded his head in approval, and I noticed a strange light begin to glow in the little professor’s eyes. When I had finished, we sat for

a long time in silence, broken at last by Randolph, who said:

"And now tell me just what you think 'THAT SOMETHING' really is?"

I shook my head in dismay.

"You folks know as much as I do about it," I answered. "But of this one thing, I am convinced, through and through. *It is real POWER, as truly real as the electric current.*

It is the power of the inner man, the fuel of the soul machine.

It is the one thing necessary.

We are all of us born much alike.

We come into the world, all animals of a type.

All of us have the senses, equally developed.

And then we begin to live, animals all.

Until we wake "THAT SOMETHING" of the soul, we live as a horse lives.

We bear on *our* muscle *those that* have found “THAT SOMETHING.”

And we bear *them* on up the mountain, to take *their* places among the masters of men.

“THAT SOMETHING” lies dormant in every soul until aroused.

With many, it sleeps until the last great sleep.

Sometimes it does not wake until man stands tottering on the border of the grave.

Sometimes it is found by the child, playing by its mother’s knee.

Some men have sneered, and called it Luck.

Luck is but the fleeting smile of Fortune.

“THAT SOMETHING” is the highway to her home.

A man’s success depends alone on “THAT SOMETHING.”

“THAT SOMETHING” of his SOUL.

Abraham Lincoln found it when a lad.

It warmed the cold floor on which he lay and studied.

It added light to the flickering glow of the wood fire, that he might see to read.

It spurred him on, and on, and on.

"THAT SOMETHING" *is an awful force.*

It made of a puny Corsican the Ruler of the World!

It made of a thin-chested bookkeeper the money king of a great country!

It made of Edison the great man of his age!

It made Carnegie!

It made Woodrow Wilson!

It made Roosevelt!

It can make YOU!

And it is NOW in YOUR Soul!

Awake it—now!

"THAT SOMETHING!"

Again the silence followed. I watched the Professor of Many Ologies. I saw the kindled fires in his eyes gradually die out. He shook his head wearily.

"No, it can't be done; it can't be done," he murmured. "I have drunk deeply of the cup of life, and I am now drinking of the dregs. The cup is filled but once, and when it's gone, there's nothing left but the dregs of old age and poverty."

"You fool," cried Randolph, leaning forward and shaking the little man roughly. "You almost had 'THAT SOMETHING' in your power, and *now you sing it back to sleep with your silly song of pessimism*. It's the false philosophy, that such as *you* sing, which has kept men in the ruts of their own digging for centuries past. Wake, man, wake! Wake 'THAT SOMETHING' within your soul!"

The two men sat looking deeply into each other's eyes.

It was the little man who broke the silence.

"Thank you, Randolph," he said quietly. "You are right. I WILL!"

Then Randolph turned to me.

"Man, write that story you've told us. Write it so that every man may read. Send that message out into the world. If men will read that story, read and reread, until it is written on their memories, if men will believe the message you bring, and then if they will but awake that something within their souls that now lies asleep—I say if you can make men do this, you will have done more for mankind than any man or any thousand men have done in many, many years. Write it, man, write it word for word as you have told it here, so every man may read. Write it, man, write it!"

And so it has been written.

* * * * *

And you, who have read it through,
I pray that you may read it every word
again and again, until that something
of your souls has been aroused, and you
have taken your places among the
Rulers of the World.



THE END
WHICH IS THE
BEGINNING



"SKOOTING SKYWARD"

BY

W. W. WOODBRIDGE

[Author of "That Something," "Kidnapping Woodrowena," Etc.]

BOARD COVERS

EIGHT FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

"Skooting Skyward" is a most wonderful word picture of Mt. Tacoma, "painted with a crude brush." It is a story that holds one with a gentle, pleasing grip of interest from the first page until the happy ending. A person unfamiliar with Northwestern Scenery will realize as never before the Wonders of the North Pacific Coast after reading this book.

But "Skooting Skyward" is not a book of descriptions. The reader sees the Mountain through the eyes of Mr. Woodrow Bridges, housepainter and "fillosoffer," and climbs with his party to the "land above the air-line, in the Valley of the Clouds."

"Skooting Skyward" has a humor all its own--a whimsical kind of humor, that brings a smile to the face and holds it there until the book is regretfully laid aside. Each of its seven chapters is brimming with anecdotes of a most amusing nature.

"Skooting Skyward" is the ONLY story ever written with Ranier National Park as its setting.

FOR SALE AT ALL DEALERS

Or Mailed Direct on Receipt of 50c in Stamps

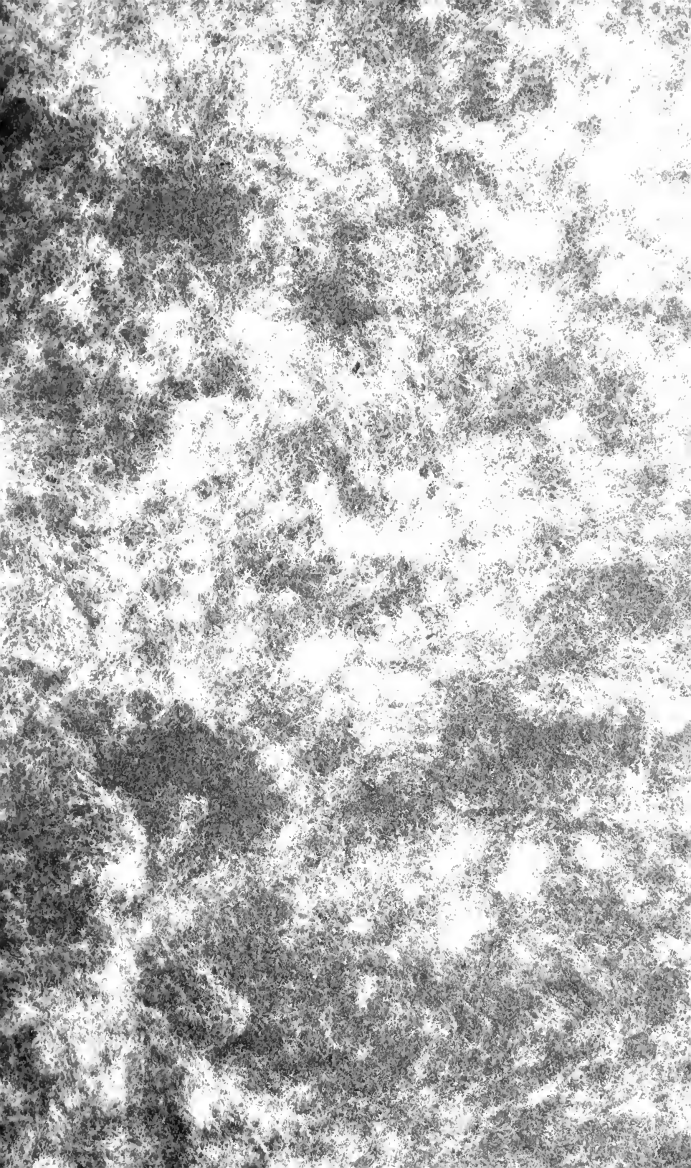
THE SMITH-DIGBY COMPANY
Tacoma, - - Washington











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 869 1